

## Even Stranger Things by inevitablecatastrophe

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Sci-Fi, Supernatural

**Language:** English

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2019-07-12 21:39:24

**Updated:** 2019-07-12 21:39:24

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 18:55:20

**Rating:** K+

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,125

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** The upside down starts showing it's face in Hawkins yet again. Can Will, his twin sister Olivia, and Eleven ban together to end it once for for all? Or will the entire town be sucked into the upside down? - I suck at descriptions. Takes place between seasons 2&3. Extreme AU with original characters. SEASON 3 SPOILERS.

## Even Stranger Things

**A/N:** This is my first attempt at a ST fanfic so please bare with me! I just finished season three and am in the process of rewatching the series. Obviously it's going to be an AU fic, with an original character, few changes in the timeline, and SEASON THREE SPOILERS. If you have not watched it yet, please do not continue reading until you do! Thanks and hope you enjoy!

### Chapter One - Right Side Up

"Will!" Jonathan knocked on the bathroom door for the third time. "Hurry up! I have to brush my teeth!"

"Go use the other bathroom!" Fourteen year old Will called from inside. "I'm shaving!"

"Mom and Liv are in the other bathroom!" Jonathan twisted the doorknob and pushed the door open, where Will was standing at the sink, bits of toilet paper covering blood spots all over his face. "Really?" He questioned, cocking an eyebrow mockingly.

"Get OUT!" Will slammed the door, barely missing his brother's face.

"Boys! That's enough!" Joyce walked down the hall, Will's twin sister Olivia following behind her. "Jonathan, go use my bathroom. Will, hurry it up! Breakfast will be ready in five minutes!"

Olivia sat at the kitchen table, unzipped her booksack, and pulled out her math book. The youngest Byers child (by two and a half minutes) constantly had her nose in a book. When Will was missing, she read book after book on Hawkin's Lab, different types of alternate universes, and even telepathic connections between twins. Unfortunately, none of those things were able to help her brother - however, studying was what she knew how to do. Will emerged from the bathroom and took a seat next to his sister. "Well, good morning, Sunshine," Liv smirked, not looking up from her math book. The relation between Will and Olivia was undeniable. She had the same sandy colored hair that fell down her back in loose ringlets. They shared the same large hazel eyes, and the same crooked smile.

"Morning," Will sounded slightly embarrassed. Liv looked up from her book to see the pieces of tissue covering his face. She reached into her bag and grabbed a small tube of Neosporin. She started removing the pieces of tissue from her brother's face and dabbing it on the small cuts from the razor he used to shave his face.

"You won't even be able to tell by first period," She promised, smiling slightly at Will. Though he had a friend group of his own, and she had Eleven and Max, her twin brother was inevitably her best friend. He'd gotten bullied enough, being called "Zombie Boy" for two years. She didn't want him to have any other reason to feel insecure. The feeling was mutual for Will - though he and Jonathan were a bit overprotective of their sister, which tended to cause some tension, she was his best friend. The person he went to for literally everything. His person.

"Thanks," he smiled when she finished. She put the Neosporin back in her bag and zipped it shut. Jonathan walked back into the kitchen just in time for Joyce to finish serving their plates.

"Hurry and eat - I don't want you guys being late again," Joyce poured herself a cup of coffee and joined them at the table.

"It'll only be the third time this week," Liv scoffed, reaching and grabbing Joyce's coffee cup and taking a big sip.

"Hey hey hey! No coffee!" Joyce took her cup back.

"Whose fault is it that we were late anyway, Livi?" Jonathan cocked an eyebrow, staring speculatively at his sister.

"I don't know what you're talking about," She buried her face back in her Math book.

"If *someone* didn't worry about caking so much makeup on their face-"

"*What?*" Joyce all but shrieked, looking wide-eyed at her daughter. "Olivia, we talked about this. No makeup until you're sixteen!"

"Mom," Will stepped in. "She's been getting..." He paused, looking at Olivia, who couldn't meet anyone's eyes. "She's been getting bullied."

"Will!" Olivia glared at him.

"She should know," He looked down at the table.

"What? Why?" Joyce looked at her daughter with concern in her eyes.

"Why are you getting bullied?"

"Because..." Olivia sighed and looked up at the ceiling. She hated crying in front of people, even her family. Especially her family.

"Jonathan, go ahead and bring Will to school. I'll drop Liv off on my way to work." Joyce said. Jonathan looked guilty, and Will looked worried. "She's going to be okay, Will," their mother promised.

"I'll see you at school," Will put a comforting hand on his sister's shoulder, and the boys headed out the door.

"What's going on, Olivia?" Joyce put a gentle hand on top of her only daughter's hand, hoping the affection would help Liv open up a little. Olivia wasn't generally an open person - except with Will. Her mother had so much to worry about with the boys in the past couple of years; she didn't want to be a burden. "You can tell me," Joyce assured her, smiling comfortingly.

Olivia exhaled sharply as the tears she fought so hard to conceal started to fall. "I'm not...pretty like the other girls in school, mom. They... they..." Soft sobs escaped her chest. She tried hard to choke them back, but they continued breaking through. "They call me names... they throw things at me... trip me when I'm walking down the hall..."

"Why haven't you told me this, Liv?" Joyce reached over and embraced her daughter, pulling her close to her chest. "Who are the kids? I'll call their parents, or I can go to the principal..."

"No," Olivia shook her head fiercely, pulling away from her mom. "Please, *please* don't do that. It'll only make it worse."

"I can't just do nothing, Olivia." Joyce furrowed her eyebrows, putting her hand on Olivia's shoulder. Liv shrugged it off, downed the rest of her orange juice, and grabbed her math book. She shoved it into her bookbag and rose from her chair. "Can we go, please? I have a test in

first period."

Joyce sighed, looking worried and defeated. "Sure, let's go."

*Flakes of ash flurried through the air like snowflakes. Footsteps echoed in the dense forest. It was dark and cold. The ground, trees, and everything around was covered in a jelly-like substance. Olivia's eyes popped open and looked around frantically. "Will?!" She called. "Mom?!" She was laying on the ground; she tried to stand up but the substance that covered everything seemed to glue her to the ground. "Help!" She screamed, trying to fight against it. The footsteps she heard in the distance got louder and louder. "Someone, please! Help!" She opened her mouth and screamed in pure terror.*